Such changes never have been seen of yore,
In *Countries* and in *Kingdoms* as of late,
Manners, and *Laws,* and *Religion's* lore
Never were prized at so mean a rate
Such are the changes of this *Earth's* estate,
It may be said, *Time's* wings begin to fry,
Now couching low, that erst did soar so high.

[c] THE TRANSFORMED METAMORPHOSIS *

An obscure poem by one Cyril Turner called *The Transformed Metamorphosis,* lamenting the deformities of these times, which book the author dedicateth in these terms to Sir Christopher Heydon

Thou, thou that art the Muses *Adony*
Their Pyramis, adorner of their mount,
Thou Chrystalizer of their *Castaly,*
Thou Lilian-rose, sprung from the horse-foot mount,
To thee, Art's Patron, Champion to the highest,
That grvest the Sun a fairer radiance,
To thee *Musophilus,* that still appliest
Thy sacred soul, to be Truth's esperance
To thee, this Epmyctall register,
Rased out by *Eos*[9] rays, I write to thee
To thee, this hoary *Hums,* kdPd by *Fer*
To thee, this metamorphosed Tragedy ,
To thee, I write my Apotheosy
Moecenas, strengthen my Tyrociny